

TWO SONNETS

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If we be fools of chance, indeed, and said
 No whither, then the blinder loss in this:
 That, loving good, we live, in scorn of bliss,
 Its wageless service to the evil end.

If all the last, man's thrust for higher things
 Be quenched in death, the giver of his life,
 Why press with growing zeal a hopeless strife,
 Why—born for errands—should he dream of win?

O Mother! Dost thou hast one law to send,
 All that it sacred—all thy creatures own it—
 The little which binds the parent and the child—
 Why hast none's loving least alone outgrown it?

Why hast thou travell'd so to be denied,
 So trampled by a world-bee ostracized?

Ripe fruit of science—demonstrated fact—
We grasp at this in trembling expectation,
We hungrily wait of thee for explanation;
Words of the Universe, enshrin'd in act!

Words, pregnant words, but only parts of speech
As yet, curt utterance such as children use,
With meanings struggling through but to come
And linked signs which soar beyond our reach.

Work on in patience, children of the time
Who lend your fluttering moments to Nature's
Fulfill your present task; some prize sublime
Ye wait not of your hearts you will rejoice.

Some strains of music hush the wild turmoil,
And consecrate the pauses of your toil.
—Spectator. EMILY PRITCHARD

the following, in w.

principal actor, following in weight of
 Grand Sheriff in closed tent, the sorrow
 who had strict orders not to admit any
 became overpowered by the pressing
 and suddenly the fastenings gave way, the
 tent was forcibly opened, and the
 of the Sheriff's bags, strongly
 young children, men and women, old
 young, all threw themselves upon
 and covered me with their fanatical
 It being dusk at the time, they had
 taken me, as sitting on the
 (the Grand Sheriff, the true, for the
 think of the Prophet, and whilst I
 cried and blows, tried to make them
 understand that I was not the Grand Sher-
 sitting on his chair, almost beside him
 with laughing, cried, "Mustafa
 (Hope you like it)."
 an extract of myself and my
 of the of the enchained and seal-
 vours of these holy emblems."
Adventures in Morocco, by Dr. Rolfe

SPANIARDS AND THE FRENCH
THE VICTORY OF ROCROU
The empire which the Spaniards

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art. Between this great movement from its earliest consolidation, and the bearing kingdom of France, there existed an intense national rivalry, the conflict of two nations for the empire of the world. The struggle of two nations for superiority over large parts of civilized Europe with and especially desolated the classic Italy, where genius, drinking at the fountains of inspiration, has in every crowned the indestructible beauty of with imperishable garlands. At the same time, the heroic legends of Spain were being written. Her vast resource, profound policy of her rulers, the constancy of her generals, the discipline of her troops, filled the rest of Europe with a well-founded fear that she would universal dominion. In the obstinate often renewed warfare the power of Spain was crippled by the great invasions of Europe by St. Quentin. The Thirty Years' convulsion which followed the death of Henry III. prostrated her at the feet of hereditary foe. But after the death of Philip II. of Spain his throne was to pass by a degenerate line, and the influence of corrupt despots, administered by the hands of avaricious and unscrupulous priests, had so weakened the empire. The liberties of the crown lay down under the regency of Catherine de' Medici, the tyrannies of Philip II. of Aragon crushed by Philip II., he had been permitted to bud forth again. The crossing spirit was now out of date; monarchy had accomplished its mission; the great era of the reformation; there no longer existed with State either a strong vital principle, or a regenerating element. With the hour of adventure, born of popular fervor, elevated by religious zeal, the first quest had also passed away. The history of Mexico and Portugal narrated the story which was to be repeated in Spain, and which the mighty genius of Roderigo had stifled anarchy at home, disorganizing strength of France to humble rival, it was seen how languid was current that animated a colossal form, rapidly the powerful empire of Spain collapsing into the ruins of former glories. She could no longer preserve monarchy, she could not subvert monarchy preserved; internal revolution or aggression had, as yet, scarcely torn from the haughty diadem of Spain. India. The faintest regions of Europe, the realms subdued by Cortez and Pizarro, the soil teeming with the life of the rivers flowing to the sea, the lands of gold, rich and fertile to the sky. Civilization and prowess still awakened emotion, hatred and fear in every known region of the globe. The Spanish army, which was charged to oppose consisted of seven thousand veteran soldiers, the command of Don Roderigo de Melo, a nobleman of the name of Melo, to Boero, a frontier town of considerable strength, embosomed in the forest of pines. It was the key of the province (Champagne), and the capture would

road to Paris. The young duke marched with twenty thousand men to relieve the place, and within the hour of the death of Louis XIII., which reached him on his way, with positive orders from the Government, not to risk a battle, now the cautious commander of the old Marshal l'Hopital, who had been appointed to restrain his well-known impetuosity, checked the rapidity of his movements. He was determined to wait for his lieutenants. The Spanish had pitched their camp on an uneven plain of small cypress, surrounded on all sides by woods and marshes, and crowned by the beleaguered fortress. Their position, which could only be approached through a narrow defile, was naturally almost impregnable. But De Melo was himself so anxious for his lieutenants to have the advantage of ground for the purpose of defence, that he ordered the French to dig trenches. Confiding in the superior numbers and the tried valour of his troops, and well informed of the critical state of affairs in Paris, he had resolved to terminate the war by a decisive blow. He therefore permitted the French army to pour without molestation through a narrow defile, and to encamp on the skirts of the forest, in the rear of the Spanish position. Every morning the French sent out a detachment of men, who were closing in, and both sides prepared for a decisive battle at break of day. Marshal l'Hopital, terrified at Engblien's rashness in exposing his troops to the assault of the superior enemy in a position in which defeat was destruction, earnestly urged him to draw back. But the duke, who was surrounded by his lieutenants, surrounded by young French nobles and eager for glory as himself, and having the support of General Gaston, the most able and enterprising of his lieutenants, perceptually over-ruled his mentor's opposition. He had determined to return to Paris a conqueror or a corpse. On the other hand, the arrival of General Bocky, who with a detached wing of his army, was hastening back to his aid. The night was cold and dim, but soon the whole plain blazed with watch-fires, which flung a ruddy blush on the lowering heavens, the sombre foliage about the white walls of the beleaguered fortress, the night soldier on the ramparts, and the veteran, might well have awakened feelings of solemn awe. The majestic woods ranged around in a sylvan amphitheatre, here frowning in dense masses, here standing out gaunt and spectral, the flickering light, looked down on the ranks of the French, and it seemed as if the sky and strewn with the wrecks of war, became the grave of a great empire; but where now the death-like stillness rested on the armed hosts, and sadly suggestive of the deeper and more appalling silence that would close the strife of the morrow, was rendered palpable rather than softened by the floating of a deep and profound slumber, a drowsy hum upon the air, the distant ramparts, echoing in dying thunder through the leafy aisles of the forest. A deadly addition to the sobering influence which the mournful magic of that scene and hour wrought, naturally flung over the unwarlike French, was the fact that on the eve of the first battle, there were special anxieties incidental to Engblien's situation sufficient to disturb the composure of the most veteran captain. He was about, with inferior forces and, contrary to the advice of his old officers, to fight a battle on which the safety not only of his army but of the crown depended. Opposed to him were general numbers in war, on ground selected by themselves; and above all, he had to confront the renowned Spanish infantry, those famous tercios who, since the defeat of the Great Captain, had been the terror and admiration of the world. On their first ranks the storm-waves of the day hadithered and left no room for a second man behind their backs. They had driven the Arabs from the mosques of Cordova; they had shivered the idols in the temples of the Incas; they had crushed the great Lulema League at Muhlberg; they had roused the pride of Islam on the banks of the Danube. Before the battle of Lepanto, they had drawn out the inviolable column like reeds, swayed from a rugged cliff. Whenever bidden the battle had wavered, the shock of the tercios, united as one man, had turned the tide. For a century and a half they had been invincible, and in truth it needed extraordinary and extraordinary incapacity to outweigh so much disciplined valour. Engblien, a young French noble, somewhat haughty and self-reliant as undisciplined as if it were found in peril its proper element. Flung on himself on the ground by a watch-fire, was soon buried in such profound slumber that his attendants aroused him with difficulty at break of day. Before the dawn he was drawn out of his tent, and the formation of the cavalry was disposed on the wings, the strength of the infantry in the centre. On the right wing of the French, Engblien commanded in person, with Gaston as second in command. In place of a helmet he wore a hat adorned with large white plumes. Marshal l'Hopital led the French to the attack, and the Duke of Fronsac led the Spanish reserves. This last general was a Burgundian, famous throughout the army for his boast that each of three pitched battles he had once defeated a king, and had borne away as trophies of his personal prowess the ring of Gustavus Adolphus, the scarf of the King of Poland, and the hat of the King of Denmark. The first of German horse, was led by Don Francisco de Melo. The Duke of Albuquerque, a distinguished officer, was stationed on the right with the Walloon cavalry. The tercios were in the centre, their renowned leader, Count of Fuentes, oppressed by age and infirmities, reclined on a horse in the middle of the line. De Melo, taking advantage of the hollow and wooded ground that separated the hostile camps, placed a thousand musketeers in ambush, with orders to fall on Engblien's flank and rear in the heat of the fight. The trumpets having sounded, the battle began simultaneously on both wings. Engblien, having been apprised of the attack, sent a detachment of musketeers to the right in pieces the musketeers who lay sheltered in a copse-wood, and then dashing forward with the rapidity of a whirlwind, charged the Spanish left in front and flank. Albuquerque's Walloons were borne down by the impetuosity of the attack, and sent over the plain like the driven leaves of a storm. De Melo, with equal vigour and address, drove l'Hopital's squadrons from the field; routed Espanan's infantry; captured all the French artillery; and then fell on the reserves. The situation appeared so desperate that several of his officers urged Baron-Sir to fly, assuming that the Burgundian "the day is not lost, for Sirat and his comrades have yet to fight." But notwithstanding the most heroic efforts, the French reserves, pressed on all sides, began to waver, and dis-couraged rout seemed inevitable along the whole line. Tidings of the critical state of the battle, however, reached the Duke of Fronsac, still in the pursuit of Albuquerque's cavalry. It was a moment to test the capacity of a leader. But Engblien, Julius Cesar, was born a great general. A flash of inspiration showed him the road to victory, one mighty impulse of impetuous valour carried him to the goal, and he called on the French to follow him. He then galloped behind the Spanish centres, and hurled them like a thunderbolt against De Melo's rear. The shock and the surprise of the assault from warriors who appeared to have started out of the earth, were irresistible. Rider and horse went down in the crush of this terrible onset. The French cavalry was like an iron wedge through the ranks

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FANY OF MANCHESTER AND
LONDON.

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kong, Canton, Foochow, Shanghai, and Han-
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117-118, Hongkong, 11th October, 1868.

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NOTICE.

POLICIES granted at current rates on Marine Risks to all parts of the World. In accordance with the Company's Articles of Association, Two-thirds of the Profits are distributed annually to Contributors, whether Shareholders or not, in proportion to the net amount of Premium contributed by each, the remaining third being carried to Reserve Fund.

OLYPHANT & Co.,
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At 951, Hongkong, 17th April, 1873.

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LONDON AND ORIENTAL STEAM
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THE QUEEN INSURANCE COMPANY
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THE Undersigned having been appointed
Agent for the above Company at Hong-
kong, are prepared to grant Policies against Fire
to the extent of £10,000, on Buildings or
Goods stored in the City.
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Policies at current rates, payable either here
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Policies issued for long or short periods
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A discount of 20% allowed.

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Policies issued for sums not exceeding £5,
on reasonable terms.

HOLLIDAY, WISE & CO.
44-1933 Hongkong 26th July 1872.

COTTON, GOODS.

COTTON, GOODS.

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25 **Flentia**, 1000 1000 1000 1000 1000
 26 **Bhentang**, 1000 1000 1000 1000 1000
 27 **Bengal**, 1000 1000 1000 1000 1000

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 26 **Bhentang**, 1000 1000 1000 1000 1000
 27 **Bengal**, 1000 1000 1000 1000 1000

10	ASHMUN, LORE, white,	100
11	ASHMUN, LORE, white,	100
12	Atty, Bango, Cargo No 1,	100
13	11 Slm,	100
14	11 Slm,	100
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Vessels.	Captain.	Flag & Reg.	Tons.	Consignees.	Destination.	Vessels.	Captains.	Flag & Reg.	Tons.	Consignees.	Destination.
<p align="center">HONGKONG.</p> <p align="center">STEAMERS.</p>											
Albatross	Diaz	Span. str.	269	D. Laprak & Co	Sunk	Albatross	Thomas	Brit. str.	69	Kwok Acheong	
Alaska	Van Sire	Amr. str.	1902	P. M. S. S. Co	In Dock	Alaska	Morton	Brit. str.	774	Vogel, Hagedorn & Co	London
Ave	Fleurbaey	Belg. str.	793	Messageries Maritimes	In Dock	Ave	Fleurbaey	Belg. str.	774	Vogel, Hagedorn & Co	London
Obitaining	Jan. Hogg	Brit. str.	764	Shanghai & Co.	Yokohama	Obitaining	Jan. Hogg	Brit. str.	764	Shanghai & Co.	Yokohama
Romney	O. F. Davis	Brit. str.	884	D. Laprak & Co	East Boat	Romney	O. F. Davis	Brit. str.	884	D. Laprak & Co	East Boat
Douglas	Bureau	Brit. str.	116	H. K. & W. D. Co.	Tug Flying	Douglas	Bureau	Brit. str.	116	H. K. & W. D. Co.	Tug Flying
Felvan	Benning	Brit. str.	220	A. Heard & Co., Agents		Felvan	Benning	Brit. str.	220	A. Heard & Co., Agents	
Hanyang	Bell	Brit. str.	220	A. Heard & Co., Agents		Hanyang	Bell	Brit. str.	220	A. Heard & Co., Agents	
Kinsatun	Davy	Brit. str.	1050	A. Heard & Co., Agents		Kinsatun	Davy	Brit. str.	1050	A. Heard & Co., Agents	
Loan-King	Benning	Brit. str.	1061	A. Heard & Co., Agents		Loan-King	Benning	Brit. str.	1061	A. Heard & Co., Agents	
Little Orphan	Schlaugie	Span. str.	393	D. Laprak & Co.		Little Orphan	Schlaugie	Span. str.	393	D. Laprak & Co.	
Norma	Koeb	Brit. str.	40	H. K. & W. D. Co.		Norma	Koeb	Brit. str.	40	H. K. & W. D. Co.	
Oregonian	C.R. Harries	Amr. str.	506	P. M. S. S. Co		Oregonian	C.R. Harries	Amr. str.	506	P. M. S. S. Co	
Powen	A.H. Smith	Brit. str.	1890	A. Heard & Co., Agents		Powen	A.H. Smith	Brit. str.	1890	A. Heard & Co., Agents	
Poyang	Carroll	Brit. str.	221	A. Heard & Co., Agents		Poyang	Carroll	Brit. str.	221	A. Heard & Co., Agents	
Sir J. Jejeebhoy	Collen	Brit. str.	107	Kwok Acheong		Sir J. Jejeebhoy	Collen	Brit. str.	107	Kwok Acheong	
Toting	Collen	Brit. str.	230	Kwok Acheong		Toting	Collen	Brit. str.	230	Kwok Acheong	
<p>Running between Hongkong and Canton. Running between Macao and Hongkong.</p>											
<p align="center">WHAMPOA.</p> <p align="center">STEAMERS.</p>											
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<p align="center">CANTON.</p>											
<p align="center">MACAO.</p>											
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<p align="center">FOREIGN MEN OF WAR IN HARBOUR.</p>											